

Boil by [nimiumcaelo](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Mentioned Eleven - Freeform, Mentioned Jonathan, Mentioned Joyce Byers, Set before the end of season 2, Will in pain, but no spoilers, deleted scene of Will hiding the extent of his discomfort from his mother

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Summary:

Will doesn't want to be a burden.

Boil

Will sucked air in and let it fall heavily out as he knelt in front of the toilet. The lid was up and the pungent odor of his stomach acid pricked his nose and eyes. He swallowed thickly, headache blooming behind his brow, and tried to remember how it felt when his stomach wasn't clenching painfully in time to the rapid flutter of his heart. His knees sliding a bit on the tile, Will unsteadily got to his feet and flushed the toilet, watching its contents swirl away with a drowsy feeling he couldn't quite place. The tap water felt too cold on his teeth as he rinsed his mouth out but he felt too gross to leave it until later.

Catching sight of himself in the mirror, Will held back a choked laugh. His eyes were red and bloodshot, his face pale and greyish, and a light sheen of sweat glistened around his temples. He knew that his mother would be crushed to see him like this, so he spent a minute or two extra splashing the numbing water over himself until he couldn't feel anything but the slide of it down his chin. The doorknob was warm under his hand as he opened the door and stepped back out into the hallway.

"Will, honey, are you okay?" His mother's voice carefully hid the trepidation she must be feeling, perched, ready to fly, on the edge of a chair in the kitchen. Will felt a rush of affection and guilt.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he lied. "I just, um, I needed the toilet."

"Okay, sweetie. Let me know if you need anything else. I was thinking of making brownies for when Jonathan comes home. Did you know he finished that essay today, the long one about economics?"

"That's cool." Will let himself list against the wall, being out of his mother's sight. "I bet he's happy."

"Yeah, me too." She kept talking about something, but Will wasn't listening: gripping his hands tightly into fists, he felt another stuttering wave of nausea come over him. He took several deep breaths and tried reciting the lyrics of one of his favorite songs. After a bit, he noticed his mother wasn't talking anymore and he left to his room before he could feel anything but relief.

Everything was too warm -- his pillow, his clothes, the breeze shifting the curtains over his window. Will bit his lip around a weak sort of noise that was half of a sob and that lodged painfully in the hollow of his throat as he stared, eyes dry and stinging, at the utterly disappointing array of his belongings. There had to be something here that could make this go away. His eyes skimmed over his desk, the pile of laundry sitting on the floor, and the several toys draped apathetically over his sheets.

Crumpling to the floor, Will weakly pulled his shirt off and leaned his back against the door, trying to control his breathing. The nausea had mostly faded and his complaints were now limited to a pulsing headache and a heaviness in his limbs that made them tingle and itch like the blood flow had been cut off.

Twitching and writhing slightly against the floor to get any sort of traction against this discomfort, Will sighed and tried to keep himself from groaning. Faint tendrils of thought scraped inside his head as a wolf's claws against the smooth stone of a chapel. He thought fleetingly of Eleven and wondered if this was something like what she experienced when she went to the Upside Down. Gasping, he let

thoughts go as the pain spread raised itself from its haunches and stretched. A thump sounded as the back of his head collided roughly with the door and he didn't hear his mother get up and call for him.

His fingers dug into the carpet and he hissed.

Author's Note:

Thank you for reading <3

- M